Digreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of bleſſings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaued and ſullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauie ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & here ſtands al your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguiſe from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely
And ſo did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, ſhe'le not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

Paris. Theſe times of wo affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhees mewed vp to her heauines.

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rulde
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my ſonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me? on wendſday next.
But ſoft, what day is this?

Pa. Monday my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendſday is too ſoone,
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her